MY OWN ILLINOIS.

BY EVA KATHARINE CLAPP.

There is many a pleasant land that lies
  Under the sky unfurled,
Countries fair, whose beauty rare
  Is the theme of half the world.
But in each wanderer's heart of hearts,
  Could his true choice be known,
Ever you'll find inscribed the name
  Of the land he calls his own.
And to me, there is a haunting melody,
  That no discord doth destroy,
In the soft, sonorous title of
    My
      Own
        Illinois.

I claim for her no legends,
  Like the German for his Rhine,
She does not boast the classic palm,
  Nor yet the gothic pine;
But, like some gray-eyed, brown-haired maid,
  Not blonde, nor dark brunette,
The temperate charm that is her own
  Her lovers ne'er forget.
From tropic sun, or arctic seas,
  No fierce extremes alloy
The hope-inspiring air that sweeps
    My
      Own
        Illinois.

How blithely o'er her fertile fields
  The prairie breezes blow
Across the level corn lands,
  Where a nation's harvests grow.
The royal Mississippi laves
  Her golden sunset side;
Gleams on her brow Lake Michigan,
  A coronal of pride;
Her stately Garden City towers
  With worthy pride up-buoy
Above all would-be rival States
    My
      Own
        Illinois.

Dear State, the glint of thy wild flower,
  The song of thy wild bird,
Were of color, and of music,
  All my childhood saw or heard;
Thrilling, like scents of paradise,
  Across these dusty years,
They still make tenderest memories
  That tremble into tears.
Untouched by bitterness, and, like
  A child's kiss, sweet and coy,
Drifts back the dream of innocence in
    My
      Own
        Illinois.

* * * * * * *

When on me dawns that fateful hour—
  The Archer Death's own time—
Perchance his shaft may still this heart
  In some far foreign clime.
But I pray that my dreamless dust may sleep
  Where his song of reckless joy
The blackbird pipes to the prairie sod
    In my
      Own
        Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill.

AT THE OPEN WINDOW.

BY WILL HUBBARD KERNAN.

FALLING WATER is the name of the most picturesque spot in theCumberland country of Tennessee. It is situated a few miles south of Cookeville, and is one of the first places visited by tourists who venture up to that highland village. Caney Fork, a tributary of the Cumberland River, rises in the mountains, and surges over the rocky ledges a full hundred feet into the sequestered valley below. And it is this cataract that is known as Falling Water.

The surrounding country is wild, lonely, and romantic, and was a favorite resort of the moonshiners, until the United States revenue officers swept down upon them, shooting a few of them dead and sending many of them to the penitentiary.

Not far from Falling Water is a deep, precipitous ravine, the sides of which are covered with pines and an impenetrable undergrowth of vines and shrubbery. The density of the foliage hides the bottom of the ravine from view, but if you follow a dim bridle-path trending from the road, you will find that it leads to the door of an old cabin surrounded by a stake-and-rider fence, half hidden by blackberry bushes, sassafras, and weeds.

This cabin was the home of old Melton, a moonshiner, and his family, until the spring of 1879.

The still was located within a stone's throw of the house, between two gigantic bowlders, and so cleverly was it hidden by the rocky walls that towered up on three sides of it, and so curtained in was it on the remaining side by the vines that fell in green festoons from the gray ledges of free-stone above, that the old moonshiner felt himself perfectly safe from the prying eyes of both officers and informers.

One evening about dark, as old Melton sat in the gallery of his cabin, drawing consolation alternately from a stone jug and a corn-cob pipe, he was saluted by a young man on horseback, who had ridden up from the right and whose face betrayed an expression of keen annoyance.

"Hello!" cried the horseman, drawing rein, "can you tell me how far it is to Cookeville?"

"'Bout fo' miles, stranger," replied Melton, rising to his feet and slouching forward. "Hev yo' lost yer bearin's?"

"Yes; went down to old Davenant's to collect a bill this morning and——"

"Long Jack Davenant's, stranger?"

"Yes; up at the head of Caney Fork, and——"

"Why didn't yo' turn to the left when yo' came to Squar Mills' place?"

"I did; but I took the wrong road out in that confounded flat woods."

"Jesso, jesso! Been thar myself! 'Tis a puzzle to a stranger. An' what shell I call yer name?"

"Wilford—Harry Wilford."

"Any relation t' the Wilfords down t' Smith's Fork?"

"No; my home is in Nashville Am a professional man there. Had to look after a farm of mine down in DeKalb County, and so I concluded to ride up here and collect a bill from old Davenant before I went back to Lebanon. The old man wasn't at home, though. By the way, could I find a place here or hereabout to stay all night? It will rain long before I can reach Cookeville."

"I dunno. P'r'aps Henry Q. could keep yo'."

"Who is Henry Q., and where does he reside?"

"Henry Q. Clark, yo' know. Lives 'bout a quarter out on the Cookeville road yander," pointing to the left. "Henry Q.'s rich—Henry Q. is. His house must 'a' cost a cool five hundred. Jest foller thet——"

A blinding flash, a thunder-peal and a driving torrent of rain interrupted the speaker.

"Wall, I say, Mr. Wilford, if thet are's ther way ther weather's er-gwine ter act, I 'low yo'd better stay with we'uns. We haint much t' offer, but sech ez we hev yo're welcome to."

Wilford leaped from his saddle, threw the reins over a sapling bough, and bounded gracefully over the grass into the cabin. He was a tall, slender, handsome young fellow, with blonde hair, a beardless face, and large, blue, winning eyes, that sparkled with humor or scintillated with wrath according to his varying moods.

Mrs. Melton was sitting before the huge fire-place, industriously dipping snuff. She was a lank and angular woman of forty, barefooted and dressed in homespun. She rose as Wilford came in, responding to his bow with a queer little bob of her head, and then withdrew into the kitchen.

The room in which Wilford found himself was large and trimly kept. A bedstead stood in one corner, while a row of rush-bottom chairs, a table and a spinning-wheel completed the stock of furniture. On the log walls of the cabin were tacked a few unframed photographs of family relations, while on the mantel was a little mirror in a pine-cone frame.

Mrs. Melton returned presently, and began to spread the table for supper. While bringing in the last dishes, a large, bony, and sallow girl ran into the room, her garments dripping with rain and clinging close to her stalwart frame.

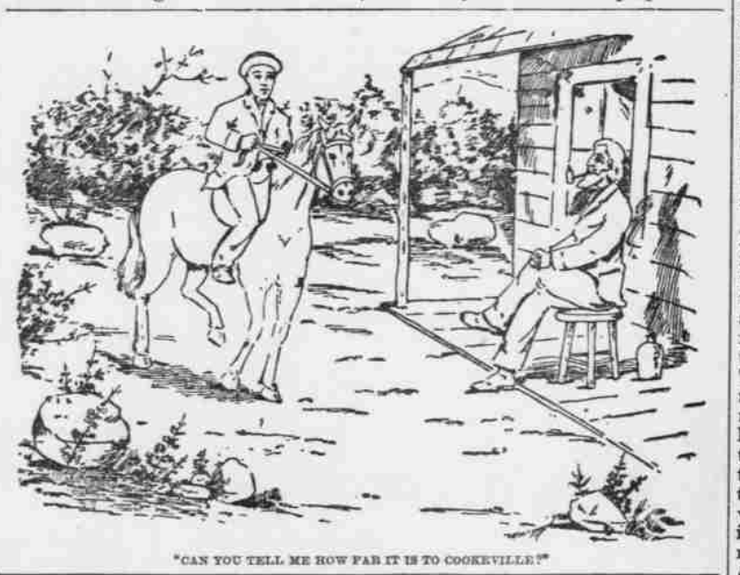
"Whoop-ee! but wusn't I skeered!" The lightnin' struck a tree not——"

She stopped short on seeing Wilford, her eyes flashed with anger, and she ran out of the room as unceremoniously as she had come into it.

"Thet thar's my darter Nance," remarked old Melton; "an' she's the smartest gal in these hyar mountings. She wus sorter set back when she seed yo', but she'll come in arter erwhile an' play us a chune on the organette. Nance is a pow'ful hand at the organette, Nance is."

"Supper's ready," vouchsafed Mrs. Melton, in a high, cracked voice. "Sit thar, stranger, an' reach fer yo'self."

Old Melton bowed his head, said grace with all the gravity of a minister, and then plunged headlong into a discussion of religion.



"CAN YOU TELL ME HOW FAR IT IS TO COOKEVILLE?"

"I b'long to the Baptisses, I do. Tilda—thet's my wife thar—she b'longs to the Hardshell Baptisses, the no-'countest church in these hyar mountings. Nance thar's been a threatnin' ter jine the Methodisses, but if she do I'll drub her till she cain't holler."

The wife made no reply to the fling at her faith, but Nance glared at her father, and then, bringing her fist down on the table so fiercely that the dishes danced, she cried:

"I'll jine—I'll jine—I'll jine—I'll be damned ef I don't jine!" and turning over her chair she fled the room, banging the door behind her as she went.

Old Melton said nothing, but he clinched his teeth with an ominous significance.

Supper over and the table cleared off, the old man went to the kitchen door and called for Nance.

"What do yo' want?" inquired the girl.

"I want yo' to come an' play us a chune on the organette."

"I wont."

"THROTTLING MELTON, HE DASHED HIM AGAINST THE ROCKY WALL."

"Yo' will."

"I tell you, pop, I wont."

"Yo' wuthless wench! I'll larn ye who's boss. I'll beat you till the blood runs down yer legs, so he'p me!" Running to a distant corner of the main room he caught up a gnarled hickory cane and hastened back to the kitchen.

"Where's Nance?" he demanded of his wife.

"She done put out while yo' wus lookin' fer yer stick," was the answer.

"The slut! I'll find her an' wallop her like I would a dog."

"Stay, sir!" cried Wilford, as Melton opened the door. "Stay, sir! Surely you wouldn't strike a woman?"

"I wouldn't, eh? I'll whip her like a dog, I tell yo'. Stand back!" and tearing himself loose from the grasp of his guest, he rushed out into the darkness and was swallowed up in the night.

Suddenly a wild scream rang high over the roaring of the wind in the pines—a scream so pitiful that Wilford rushed off in the direction from whence it came.

"Help! help! help!"

It was a woman's voice—Nance's voice—and Wilford hurried forward through the blinding rain and darkness of the wretched night, till he stood in front of the towering boulders that shut in the still.

"Damn yo'!" he heard Melton pant, "yo'll disgrace yo'self an' yo' fambly afore strangers ag'in, will yo'? Yo'll jine the Methodisses, will yo'?" and with that he struck his daughter a fearful blow, causing her to reel forward at the feet of the young man.

"Dog!" cried Wilford, "devil! Take that!" and throttling Melton, he dashed him against the rocky wall and struck him between the eyes.

Melton drew a revolver, but, before he could use it, Wilford wrested it from his hand, and knocked him headlong into the shelter of the still.

"Ha!" cried Wilford, as a vivid flash of lightning revealed the character of his surroundings. "A moonshiner, I see. I thought as much," and, taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, he clasped them on the wrists of the prostrate man.

"You will come with me," he continued, dragging his prisoner into the open air. "You will come with me. I have been looking for this still of yours since last December, but I wouldn't have found it if you hadn't been the brute that you are."

Stunned, confused, the old man staggered to his feet.

"What is hit, daddy? Why don't yo' speak?"

It was the daughter who spoke—it was the bruised and bleeding daughter who now flung her apron around the old man, and kissed his wrinkled face.

"Hit's all up with we'uns, Nance," answered the old man in a husky voice. "Hit's all up with we'uns. This feller's a detective."

"I knowed hit, daddy—I knowed hit. He's been prowlin' 'round hyar all day. I'd a-told yo', but I seed he hadn't diskivered the still, an' I didn't want his blood on yo' hands. But," and she hissed the words through her set teeth, "I'd a warned yo' when I went home ef I'd a knowed hit 'd come ter this."

The party went back to the cabin, and at daybreak Wilford prepared to start with his prisoner for Cookeville.

They had proceeded less than twenty yards from the door, when the sharp report of a rifle was heard, and Wilford reeled from his saddle—dead.

At the same moment the white, tense desperate face of Nance vanished from the open window.

Caught Napping.

Stranger—Beg pardon for interrupting, but you probably noticed in the papers this morning that Lord Nabob, who is on a visit to this county, met with an accident in the park yesterday. He is a stranger here, and some prominent citizen like yourself should see that he receives proper attention.

Business Man (much flattered)—Really, I had not thought much of it, but——

Stranger—You probably noticed in the paper, too, that six persons were injured yesterday in a subway explosion.

"Why, yes. Were there any lords among them?

"Possibly. No telling. Two men were killed yesterday by electric wires."

"I noticed that; but——"

"And a number of persons were run over."

"Yes, but the lord——"

"Ah, yes. The Lord wills, and we must bow; but our families should not be forgotten, sir; and as we are hourly exposed to these dangers, I thought possibly you might wish to get insured in the 'Sure-Pop Life and Accident Company,' of which I am an agent."—*New York Weekly.*

Was Wid Him.

An old negro who was sleeping alone in a cabin was awakened by a noise in the room, and striking a light, saw a man attempting to open a drawer.

"Whut you doin' dar?"

The robber, himself a negro, answered: "Tryin' ter see what you got in dis house."

"Dar ain't nothin' yere dat 'longs ter you."

"Will 'long ter me when I gits my han's on it."

"Look yere, generman, tell you whut I'll do. I'll shoot craps wid you right here."

"I'se wid you," the robber answered. "Fetch out yo' bones."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Rough on the Roof.

Builder—I want you to do something for me.

Friend—What is it?

"You see this house is almost finished, excepting shingling the roof.

"So I perceive."

"Well, I want you to look around and see if you can't find a thin carpenter who does not weigh more than 120 pounds. I must have a light carpenter to put on those shingles. If a heavy man goes up on that roof the whole house will tumble in."

HOW I RAN INTO MATRIMONY.

BY CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.

I WAS setting type in a Southern State. The editor of the paper was a "Know-nothin'" fellow who made up for his lack of knowledge by the free use of big words. He knew nothing of the printing business, and could learn nothing; if alive now, he could not tell a foot-slug from a column-rule. He was tall and exasperatingly lean, wore a plug hat and a sack coat, and prided himself on doing the drinking of the establishment. But he was a good man, for he trusted me once, of which I shall tell.

One afternoon in June, when the dark-green hills and shady valleys looked unusually tempting and made me long to be a fish, or a squirrel, or a grasshopper, anything than a printer at $10 a week, he came into the office, stuck his elbow on a half galley of small pica, and pied a stick-full of his leader, "The True Solution of the Negro Question." I wet the matter and began straightening it up. He said:

"Say, Eph, I've got an idea."

"If you have you stole it," said I to myself; to him I answered:

"What is it?"

"You're a good printer and can write purty well. When I left town last spring to keep way from the Gran' jury, your work you done then was well spoke of by the patrons of the *Eagle*."

"Well, what's the idea?" I said, as I distributed the pi.

"This new town out here, where they've put the cotton factory, needs a paper. I've got more stuff here than I want. S'pose you take some of it, and one of them presses, and give 'em one?"

I went. Begonia was the name of the place. It was in the woods, seventy-five miles from a railroad. A hole a mile square had been cut in the forest, and in it the town was built. The factory stood at one end, up to the front of which ran two rows of red houses, beginning at the other end. Around these were scattered the commercial and social portions of the community. It was a wild business venture, I thought, to start a factory there, but I considered my own scheme and said nothing.

The "city" was not incorporated, and hilarious people had therefore a wide field for the exercise of their predilection. The *Border Sentinel*—that was the name of my paper—did not assume a pious role, but it occasionally admonished the boys to keep their practical jokes for the vulgar multitude. This admonition was first wrung from me by the fact that one evening they made a target of my signboard. They laughed at my warning, and said something about dumping my old shop into the road. On a certain Saturday when they had been unusually atrocious they wound up their entertainment by shooting an old negro's mule and sending me the ears. The next issue of the *Sentinel* contained this paragraph:

Hank Best, Jim Gosling, and another mule become engaged in a personal altercation in front of Tobe Canfield's saloon last Saturday evening. The trouble grew out of a wager between them as to which could bray the loudest. We could not get all the particulars of the affair, but it seems that the other mule make some funny remark about Hank and Jim and got the laugh on them with the crowd. They got mad, pulled their pops, and in less time than it takes to tell it the poor other mule fell mortally wounded and died in a few minutes. But it seems that Hank and Jim lost each an ear in the fracas, for a friend of ours, who went over the ground soon after the fight, picked up two ears—and they are both left ones. They are now in our possession, and having been previously "well done" in alcohol, there is no need for us to submit them to the preserving process. If Jim and Hank want their ears, they can get them by calling at our office.

Working in the spinning department of the factory was a little red-headed girl, with filbert-colored eyes, and a peach-blow complexion, partly hidden beneath a layer of brown freckles. I boarded with her mother, who was a widow, and fell in love with her—the girl, I mean. One night I was "making-up"—not to the girl but the forms, at the office. The weather was clear and cold, with starlight. I had justified the last column, and was washing my hands, when there was a knock at the door. I have as much grit as the ordinary printer man, but that knock scared me. The door was locked. Pistol in hand, I walked to the front, and, in the most composed voice I could assume, asked:

"Who's there?"

"It's me."

If a man loves a woman, her grammatical inaccuracies are pleasing eccentricities. When he hears them at midnight, instead of the assassin's whisper he is fearing, they are sweeter than music. The voice was Ella's—that was her name. I laid down my pistol, opened the door, and took her in my arms.

"O, good gracious, Mr. Lester, do you think I came all the way from home this time of night to let you hug me?"

"No, Ella, but——"

I stopped short, for I saw she was very pale.

"What's the matter, Ella?" I asked.

"It's jes' this, Mr. Lester. You're in awful danger. Hank Best and Jim Gosling's fixin' to kill you. Mamma's sick, an' I went to the comp'ny store to git some medicine. When I passed the blacksmith shop I heard your name spoke. I stopped and listened. Jim Gosling, he said: 'All right, boys. I'll sot fire to his office to-night, and we kin git the drap on 'im termorrow ef he 'sinuates anything erbout it.'"

"The constable lives two miles from here," I said. "My nearest neighbors are of the Hank and Jim kind. You go home, Ella, and I'll stay here and see Jim set fire to the *Border Sentinel* office."

"No, no," she pleaded; "if you stay here, I will, too."

"But, think. What will people say——"

"I don't care what they say, when I know I'm right."

A gust of wind blew the door open and put the light out.

"Now, you must go," I said, after having rummaged the office in search of a match.

"Hush!" she whispered, after a pause. "There they are."

The house was a pine box structure, and stood on the edge of the wood. I stole out, bidding Ella stay within, and turned the corner. The undergrowth rustled and a dark form appeared. It walked up to the rear of the building and fixed a big mass of stuff beneath the sill. Then it struck a match. I fired. A shot answered mine and my pistol dropped from my hand. My arm was broken. Simultaneous with this came a report from behind me, which was answered with a groan from the wood. Then all was still.

The next and last issue of the *Sentinel* contained the report of the Coroner's jury. It showed that I killed Jim Gosling, and that Ella had put a bullet through Hank Best's knee. Hank's wound kept him from running way, but it did not keep him from running into the penitentiary. Ella and I ran into matrimony.

"Cases" in town are better than a proprietorship in the country, although the incidents of the latter are much more exciting. But the chance of getting even half as good a wife as Ella is enough to make a fellow take an army press, a barrel of long primer, and start to Oklahoma.

The Conscientious Broker.

I heard a very clever story on a prominent broker a few days ago—a man whose name I am not at liberty to discuss, though I may say that he is well known as a picture buyer. This broker had some mining stock which he had long regarded as worthless, and one day when he found an opportunity to get rid of it at a pretty fair consideration, he was very happy. That very night, however, after he went home, he received a telegram announcing that this mine, of which he had sold the stock, had developed a lead of extraordinary richness. An hour afterward the purchaser of the stock received a telegram from the broker, who desired to see him immediately upon a subject of great importance. The buyer called and was told by the servant that the broker was very ill and could not be seen.

"But I must see him: I have been sent for by him not half an hour ago."

The servant went upstairs and brought back word that the visitor might go up.

The broker was in bed, moaning with pain. The lights were turned low. When the visitor entered the broker began:

"My dear Jones, I have had to-day another of the dreadful attacks I am subject to, and I am afraid this last one is going to 'do me up.' I sent for you to confess that I have taken advantage of you in a business transaction, and I want to make reparation before I die. That mining stock I sold you to-day was really worthless, and it troubles me that I took advantage of you."

"Oh, nonsense; that is all right. I didn't pay you much for it and I can easily sell it to somebody else."

"No, that will not do. I want to take it back and pay you back your money. I can't rest until I have made this right."

"Oh, well if you feel that way, of course I will give you it back."

"Very well, and while I am able to sign a check I will prepare one, and, in the meanwhile, you can bring back the stock."

The visitor went home, got the stock, and returning it, received the check which the now utterly exhausted broker had filled out for him. He went away musing upon the vicissitudes of human life and filled with profound sympathy for the sorrowing family of the rapidly sinking broker.

And the broker? The moment his customer was out of the house he leaped out of bed and gleefully danced around the room in a manner that would have aroused the envy of Carmencita could she have seen it. But the customer, next day, when he learned of the rise in the value of the stock, metaphorically kicked himself for his stupidity in being taken in by a broker's "conscience."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Found Wanting.

If a servant obeys orders as far as he can, and does his work correctly as far as he goes, what more can be expected? And yet the result is not always satisfactory, even to reasonable employers.

The Boston *Courier* has a story of a woman who own a very large and handsome dog, of which she is very fond, and perhaps a little proud. The other day she sent him out to the stable to be weighed, confiding the operation to a new servant, who looked upon the powerful animal with considerable awe, and apparetly with some real affection.

The man was gone a surprisingly long time, but at last reappeared, and announced that the dog weighed one hundred and twenty pounds.

"One hundred and twenty pounds!" repeated the lady. "Are you sure you weighed him right? He must weigh more than that."

"Oh, yes, marm; sure an' I weighed him right, but I coul'd't get him all on the scales."

Practical.

According to the philosophers everything has two uses, a lower and a higher. Some very common people find this out for themselves, so far, at least, as the practical application of it is concerned.

The daughter of the rector of a parish in East London-over-the-border taught the choir boys a new tune at a Monday evening's rehearsal, to be sung on the following Sunday. Sunday morning came.

"Well, Johnny," said Miss X—, "I hope you haven't forgotten the new tune, for we depend much on you."

"Naw, mum, not a bit. I've been a skeering the crows with it all the week."

THE only privilege of the original man is that, like other sovereign princes, he has the right to call in the current coin and reissue it stamped with his own image.

STUFF AND NONSENSE.

SET in her ways—a brooding hen.

A SWALLOW-TAIL—the story of Jonah and the whale.

FIRST mattress—How do you feel? Second mattress—Full as a tick.

THE monkey goes to the sunny side of the tree when he wants a warmer climb.

PRAYERS may go begging for an answer, but "What'll you have?" never does.

PUTTIN' a patched dime in the collection box is like buyin' a scalper's ticket to heaven.

SOUP *a la* Jay Gould—take a little stock, six times as much water, and then put in the lamb.

TEACHER—"'Anonymous' means 'without a name.' Give an example, Miss Griggs." Miss Griggs—"My baby sister is anonymous."

LOAFER—How are you? Just thought I'd drop in a while to kill time. Busy Man—Well, we don't want any of our time killed.

BROWN—How time flies. Jenkins—I am not aware of its speedy passage. B.—Then you have not a note to pay. J.—No; I hold yours.

BLOODGOOD—Silby always reminds me of a breeze that comes before a summer's rainstorm. Travis—Why? "Because," answered Bloodgood, "he is so fresh."

"THIS is a little late for you to be out, isn't it, Peck? Aren't you afraid your wife will miss you?" Mr. N. Peck—I hope she will. She can fling things pretty straight, though.

MRS. HINTON (recently married)—Did you know my husband was very ill? Miss Carrington—I suppose he must be, my dear. Before he married you he told me I had broken his heart.

VISITOR—(to bereaved widow)—Your husband, I understand, was killed in a factory? Widow—Alas, yes; poor dear William was reckoned a smart man, but he didn't know much about fly-wheels.

STATION-MASTER—Come, come, my good man, you mustn't walk on the track. Tramp (disgustedly)—The conductor says I can't ride, and you say I can't walk. What's your blamed old road here for, anyway?

WILLIE—I wonder why I can't make my kite fly? Elder sister—Perhaps the caudal appendage is disproportionate to the superficial area. Willie—I don't think that's it. I believe there isn't weig ht enough on the tail.

MRS. STATESMAN—Do you know, sir, that you came home last night in an utterly disgraceful condition? Mr. Statesman (swallowing about a quart of water)—"Woman, do you know that the time of year has arrived when the country has to be saved again?

MRS. SKINNFLINT—Josiah, don't you think Johnny's hair needs cutting? Mr. Skinnflint (looking up from his paper)—How long is it till Christmas? A little over five weeks. (Resuming his paper)—All right, I'll give him a hair-cut for a Christmas present.

A COMPLICATED FUNERAL.

O bury my arms in dear Mexico,
And bury my heart in the South,
O bury my legs in the State of New York,
In Georgia please bury my mouth.
For I have been married at least four times.
To spouses who've laid down their lives,
And now that I'm dead I wish to be placed
At the side of my various wives.

BROWN—And so you have got a first-rate cook? What paper did you advertise in? Fogg—Didn't advertise in any. My wife told Mrs. Gray we wanted a girl, but made her promise not to tell anybody. "Well?" "Well, we had the door-bell ringing for a fortnight from morning till night. No less than a hundred applications for the place."

"Ah, Mrs. Blackstreet, it's very lucky I did not meet you at the time that picture was taken."

"Ah, Doctor, I'm afraid you are a flatterer. Do you mean lucky for me?"

"Ahem, no, not exactly. Lucky for me."

Wanted to Satisfy Him.

Prominent Citizen—Slade of Metropolitan Hotel has just killed another feller—tourist from the East som'eres.

Second Prominent Citizen—What was the feller doin' to Slade?

"Nuthin' only givin' his orders. Wanted a fire in his room, weather strips on the door, soap, towel, hot water, more quilts, and I fergit what else. An' Slade shot him."

"Oh, I s'pose Slade reckoned it was a pity that a feller who wanted heaven so bad shouldn't have it."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

He Found a Job.

"Has your husband found work yet, Mrs. McGarrity?"

"He hez thet, mum. He's a picter hanger."

"A picture hanger? Why, I supposed that required artistic skill and a good deal of taste."

"Paste, indade it does, mum. It takes a dale av paste, sure. The poor bye carries a bucket av it wid him all day, and then sometimes he can't make the blissed picters stick to them ould boards at all, at all."

THE parent who sends his son into the world uneducated and without skill in any art or science does a great injury to mankind as well as to his own family, for he defrauds the community of a useful citizen and bequeaths to it a nuisance.